

## **Returning The Favor by MilitaFire**

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**Summary:**

After waking up from some fun earlier, Jonathan wants to return the favor for earlier.

Part 2 of Unknown Pleasures.

## **Returning The Favor**

### **Author's Note:**

Soooo nervousalligator drew some more smut:

<https://nervousalligator.tumblr.com/post/169153109493/jonathan-returns-the-favor#>

She awakes to the sound of rustling on the bed.

Her eyes open, blinking slowly in the late afternoon light.

Nancy's gaze finds Jonathan sitting on the edge of the bed, looking over the album that she had got him to passionately talk about before she had-

Well.

She sits up and scooches down to his back so she can place kisses against his bare shoulder blade.

"Sleep well?" He asks, looking over his shoulder to smile at her.

"Mhm. How long have you been awake?"

"Not long."

Her eyes fall over the album in his hands.

"I actually want to hear that."

"Oh, do you? Are you actually going to let me play it this time?"

"I didn't hear you complaining earlier."

He blushes at that.

"Go ahead and play it. I promise, no more surprises."

He smiles and stands up to play it while she relaxes back against his pillows, turning her face into them so the smell of his cheap cologne

and developer from the dark room fills her senses.

As the music starts he lays down to join her, arm coming to wrap around her waist. She turns on her side and a hand finds his chest, thumb rubbing circles on his sternum as the music goes on.

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As the final cords of the last song finish, his eyes find hers. "So, what did you think?"

She tilts her chin up to meet his gaze and smiles.

"Not that bad."

She moves even closer to him and drops her eyes to his mouth, watching the way they curl in the faintest smirk as he leans his head down.

She meets him halfway and she finds it becoming increasingly difficult to fight his contagious smile against her lips.

She really doesn't want to pull away, and it seems he doesn't either, so she's not surprised when things get a little more intense.

His arms tighten around her waist and he rolls them a bit so he's hovering over her.

"What-what you did earlier," he pulls away just enough to speak, breath hot against her face, "To me. I want to return the favor."

She nods and captures his mouth again, slower this time, making sure they both can savor it. She reaches down and grabs his hands, inching them towards the hem of her shirt before he gets the idea and starts to pull it off. She sits up to help him, and decides to do her bra herself, because the look on his face when he sees her bare chest is something to see.

His gaze runs up and down her body.

*"Fuck."*

A pang goes between her legs at his tone and her arms go around his shoulders as he practically throws himself on top of her and buries his face in her neck.

He's biting and sucking at her skin, and she can tell he's getting his own personal revenge for the one she left on his hip earlier.

He moves down to her chest, mouth peppering kisses all across it.

His hands roam lower and lower until they find her jeans, and his eyes move up to her for permission. She nods and he unbuttons her and pulls down the zipper before pulling them off her legs.

He comes back up to lay on his side next to her, hand hovering over her stomach, and he's suddenly stepping on the brakes. She can feel the apprehension coming off of him, see it in the way his cheeks have become a cherry red, and hear it in his quiet tone.

"I don't know how."

She kisses him sweetly and slips out of her underwear.

"It's okay...I can show you."

Her hand comes to cover his and she guides them lower until his fingers brush across the spot that makes her heart skip a beat.

His fingers start to move, and she guides them in a slow circle, her breath hitching as he starts to get the motion down and move a bit faster.

"Yes, that's it- That's nice."

He watches her with attentive eyes, drinking in everything about her and this moment. He doesn't seem to know what to look at, their joined hands or her, so she snakes her other hand up to tilt his head up to her and keep his gaze.

"Just keep looking at me, okay? Eyes on me."

He nods and the pressure starts to build in her stomach.

"Jonathan, go faster, please."

He honors her request and she gasps and keens at the feeling of his thumb rubbing at her clit.

He always was a fast learner.

She leans to kiss him, fingers moving down to tug at the nape of his neck, thumb tracing his cheekbone, encouraging him.

He's so eager to please, to make her feel good, it doesn't take much longer until she's on the edge.

"That's so nice, it's so- *fuck* - it's so good..."

Her words spur him on and he starts to kiss her neck, deciding to leave another bruise, before he moves to her chest once more, teeth grazing at her breast.

She makes a mental note to get some concealer the next day.

She keeps gasping and whining and calling his name, and he honest-to-god growls in her ear.

That's what does her in, and a pleasant bolt runs down her spine as she finishes.

They're both breathing heavily, his eyes wide, pupils blown, black almost swallowing the chocolate brown, and swimming with questions.

*Was that okay? Was it nice? Was I good enough?*

"Wow, Jonathan." Is all she can say, and the relief and happiness passes over his face like a wave before they both fall into giggles and kisses.

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They take their time dressing each other, both still feeling giggly and euphoric, and decide to curl up on the couch with a blanket and watch TV.

Joyce will be home soon (not that she cares, she loves Joyce, but she didn't do anything to hide the fresh bruises on her neck) but all she can focus on is the way he's dozing off, the elbow resting on the arm of the couch and holding his head up in danger of slipping.

"Jonathan, come lay down."

He doesn't respond, already half asleep, so she tugs on his arm and he gives no resistance as she pulls his head into her lap and combs her fingers through his hair. He smiles and turns his head to nuzzle her wrist before he stills and starts to snore just a bit.

She smiles to herself and leans down to brush her lips against his temple.

*I love you, Thumper.*

**Author's Note:**

Reviews and Kudos appreciated!

(and yes I totally used my thumper head canon in this)